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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Crinkle's Unbridled Americanism—Away from the Clang in the Old London—The Writer and Elizabeth Chat Together Over Some Griddlecakes in the East India House—The Shadows of the Sixteenth and the Nowness of the Nineteenth Centuries—Bernhardt's Unprecedented Matinees and Their Probable Influence—A Devilish Good Fellow's Hamlet.

I suppose my Americanism is as unbridled as any man's. I may be an imperialist in my taste, but in my patriotism I am a deep-dyed democrat. So when I turned off the modern Broadway into the old London street through the Bishopsgate and found myself in Elizabethan England, you may understand the kind of struggle that went on in my breast between my antique interest and my contemporaneous pride.

The Old London Street is a good place to slip out of the clang of the United States into the mellow dust of the Sixteenth century without being sea sick.

A good place to chat with a friend at "The Old Cock" or "The Queen's Head" and eat American flapjacks with maple syrup at "The East India House."

I was sitting there in an old hostelry in Leadenhall street enjoying the almost medieval repose, and thinking of all the good fellows, from Hogarth to Charles Lamb, who lodged in the neighborhood, when I suddenly saw Mrs. Bowers picking her way over the cobbles from "The Wapping Old Stairs."

I ran out and accosted her in old English, she replying quite graciously in the American tongue.

I think I said something about the novel sensation of eating American griddlecakes in the East India House, and she sent her chair and link-boys away, stuck her silk purse under her farthingale and came into the coffee-house like Elizabeth herself, and ate griddlecakes like a Hoosier.

A very interesting conversation ensued. Very curious in its way, too, on account of the running mixture of the past and the present. She said she could not quite comprehend what parts of the Sixteenth or Seventeenth century she was living in. "I went into Isaac Walton's over there in Grub street to buy a 'fly,' and he wanted to sell me some of Wenck's perfumes," she said. "I was chatting with a Roundhead at The Queen's, and he wanted to show me a Chickering piano. The centuries are mixed, like the goods. It reminds me of Hogarth's perspective on a Chinese plate."

"And yet," I remarked, "it gives one a good idea of the fight and progress civilization has made to look down this narrow street, so narrow that Jack Sheppard could jump from the opposite roof across it, and to remember that it has no sidewalks, no gas, no sewers, no conveyances, that all the shops are emptied from the windows regardless of the passers-by; that it is so filthy that it bred a plague; that it has no police, and ruffians and voluptuaries jostle each other, whip out their swords, and make day and night hideous with their quarrels. The barbarity of the Middle Ages lingers here yet. Merrie England is mainly merry in a coarse, animal way. The rack and the boot are used in Scotland yet, and the horrible stench of the *auto da fe* is not quite out of the air. If we go back through that old gate, we are in the glare, the protection, the luxury of Broadway."

"If I could tell exactly what the date of our existence here is," said Elizabeth, "I should like to go to the theatre."

We differed a little on the time. She thought by the flavor of the butter that we must be in the first half of the Seventeenth century. I judged by the bread that we were in the last half.

"In that case," said she, "I should like to go round to Drury Lane. The performance begins at three o'clock; we might see Nell Gwynne."

I laughed. "If it were possible," I remarked, "it would be painful. We should both be astonished and disgusted."

"Do you think so?"

"Unquestionably. People are part of the age in which they live. Nobody dares or cares to act Shakespeare now as Shakespeare wrote. We have fallen into the habit of worshipping, not criticising him. But he is both coarse and cruel, as well as sublime and sweet. He was for all time, it is true—but with emendations. We might stumble on them playing the fourth

has cut are the lines that the Seventeenth applauded."

We looked at each other a moment. "Why, Elizabeth wouldn't know herself if she saw you in her clothes. And as for Nell Gwynne, remember women were yet novelties in the drama, and they played to audiences made up of libertines and ruffians, whose fathers baited bears and bred bull-dogs."

Just then the sounds of a Mason and Hamelin parlor organ issued from old St. Andrew's, and the English maid who was attending us came up from the kitchen with a jug of old English milk.

"Let us come down to our own times," I said. "The flapjacks we have been eating must have been cooked in a church vault. You will remember that this place was once a church with family vaults under it. Mr. A. T. act of Pericles, and they would speak all the lines. The lines that the Nineteenth century

and Elizabeth at the People's Theatre. You are universally respected by the profession and honored by the public as an artiste, and yet one great newspaper sends an ignorant ruffian to abuse you. I saw your performance. It is by all odds the best Lady Macbeth on the American stage to-day. There is not another woman, with the single exception, perhaps, of Janauschek, who can give it the same dignified and tragic lift. But you might as well be living in Greek street, for you were at the mercy of any wandering cutthroat that thought he could write."

While we were talking one of the Sixteenth century yeomen came in and ate a piece of Connecticut mince-pie, and a man who might have been old Pepys himself asked the Elizabethan maid if he would have to go back to the United States to smoke a cigarette.

It's a jolly good thing to be able to step out of the Nineteenth century on Broadway and

Bernhardt closed her season with *ecclat*. She might have played here two weeks more and done a splendid business. She succeeded in thrilling her audiences even when they did not understand her words, and that is a great achievement. Personally she is not as fascinating a woman as Modjeska, and not so womanly as Langtry. Most men who would rather see Bernhardt act would rather spend an hour in conversation with Modjeska. Personal charm of the feminine quality is denied to Bernhardt. She is quick-witted, impulsive, erratic, well informed and slightly pronounced in her views. But she does not exert that inexplicable influence that is the crowning characteristic of her sex. Her character, like her face, is aggressive and a trifle hard. The other women I have mentioned have a fluent adaptiveness that wins imperceptibly.

It is only the very highest order of dramatic ability that can win in our day without organic

I used to think when Clara Morris played the Sphinx and Cushman played Meg Merrilies that we ought to have medical censors of the stage, at least for matinee performances.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance of Hamlet on Monday night proved to be a most amusing affair. I never saw an audience in such good humor. Everybody smiled with the kindest intent and ripples of genuine enjoyment spread all over the house. Men who had given years of their lives to sounding the depths of mystery in this role grinned with satisfaction when they said there were no depths. The dark, fathomless pool turned out to be a pond lit with youthful animal spirits. It was Hamlet modernized and made transparent.

When a "devilish good fellow" tries to preach or paint there is a large proportion of the race who think "devilish good fellowship" is better than deep insight or strong, broad earnestness or aggressive convictions. You see that every day in the pulpit. Your elegant and popular pet will get all the women on his side and hold the fort against the disagreeable truth teller who thunders the law and the prophets.

There never came an actor to us who was so afraid of standing on his merits as Mr. Wilson Barrett. His broad assumption from the first has been that if he made friends with everybody his talent would be recognized.

It is only a proper tribute to his personal qualities to say that he has succeeded in making friends of everybody. Nobody gives such dinners. Nobody has worked the whole round of social amenities and gone out of his way to take every editor's salt like Mr. Barrett, and the universal verdict is that he is a splendid fellow.

That is where criticism stops.

Unfortunately it is possible to be a good fellow without being a great actor.

And that is where Wilson Barrett stops.

His Hamlet is not by any means a revelation. All that is new in it has been laid on extrinsically, like kalsomine, not evolved intrinsically, like an organic growth.

I think my friend Guy Carleton went farther out of his way than even the actor himself to discover merit in this good-fellowship, and of course I don't agree with him at all.

I believe that we have on the American stage fifty young men who could play the part with a nobler creative purpose, a deeper spiritual significance and a more thorough sympathy with the Shakespearean intent.

That is my honest opinion of Barrett's Hamlet.

And having taken the pains to put myself in close contact with the audience who listened to it, both from the parquet and from the gallery, I believe that is the opinion of the public also.

NYM CRINKLE.

Manager Cobb.

Mr. John Cobb, the manager of Mr. Wilson Barrett, now playing at the Star Theatre, is one of the most extraordinary of men. If he can do what he has done with only the outside form of the thing, what could he not do if he were given some of the flesh and some of the blood as well as the form of the thing to handle?

There is about as much flesh and blood in Wilson Barrett's Hamlet as there is in a plaster cast.

In the character of Hamlet, Mr. Barrett is never, for an instant, anything but Mr. Barrett speaking the lines of Hamlet; and Mr. Barrett speaking them badly, too. "How like a god!" he cries, when he should cry, "How like a GOD!" Do we say, how like a saint, how like a savage? No; we say, how like a SAINT, how like a SAVAGE. Mr. Barrett would be more profitably employed in studying old readings than in arranging new versions. Not even Mr. Barrett's pantomime is intelligent, and as for facial expression, he has none.

There was, to my mind, but one character in the representation of Hamlet at the Star on Monday evening that was satisfactorily personated, and that was the character of the Player Queen. There was an intelligence in Miss Lila Garth's personation of this excellent "bit" that was not present in the personation of the character entrusted to anyone else in the cast.

Mr. Cobb is truly a wonder, for of nothing he has made something; or, at the least, of nothing he has made what, it would seem, to the public eye, has the semblance of being something.

ALFRED AYRES.



MINNIE MADDERN.

Stewart turned it into a theatre, and one night the floor in the green room gave way and let all the actors down into a tomb. Nobody recollects Lucy Rushton now. But she came in here with a flourish, and gave a banquet to the press. There was a prevalent idea that twenty millions were behind her. Why, that spread of hers up in the vestibule there, where we now have the Tabard Inn, was more antique and nearer to the times of the Restoration than anything in this Old London Street. Talk about Nell Gwynne—why that banquet would have done honor to Greek street in the Merry Monarch's time!

"Then," said Elizabeth, "we haven't entirely outgrown the Seventeenth century?"

"No, there are Nell Gwynnes and Jack Sheppards still. The only difference is that one uses a pen and the other uses an untitled backer. You are yourself a very good case in point. You have been playing Macbeth

rest yourself in the shadows of the Sixteenth for a few moments with the safe consciousness that you can get back at any moment by walking through the gate. I'd like to take the Canterbury Tales some pleasant May afternoon and re-read them there in the Tabard Inn.

But I'd like to have a nice modern companion to read them to—who did not wear the Elizabethan stomacher, but had an Easter hat and a French panier and revelled a little in the nowness of the Nineteenth century.

* The paper to which I refer is the *Herald*. I am personally responsible for the charge, which does not involve the Editor of this paper. My specific assertion is this—that the article on Mrs. Bowers was the product of ignorance and brutality, and that it is impossible to produce such an exhibition of vulgar malice in any other reputable sheet in the land. I am quite safe in my statements. The *Herald* will never notice them, because on the issue of despicable dramatic criticism the editor of that paper dare not have a personal discussion with me, for it is in my power to convict him, by his own columns, which at various times have been edited over his own head and the head of his irresponsible swashbucklers.

charm, or that can substitute charm of endeavor for charm of condition.

In that respect Bernhardt is unique.

Her matinee performances have been something unprecedented. Attended almost exclusively by women, who filled all the seats and standing-room, they presented rare spectacles. These women stared at Bernhardt as if under a spell. The kind of fascination was almost uncanny at times, and reminded me of the old superstition of the bird and the snake. They seemed to thrill and flutter under her basilisk convolutions with a double effect of admiration and horror.

Whether such exhibitions are altogether wholesome is an open question.

One lady told me that she dreamed of a serpentine figure writhing about her room, and I have not the slightest doubt that Bernhardt, if she plays long enough, will affect the conformation of the next generation.

At the Theatres.

STAR THEATRE—HAMLET.

Hamlet.....Wilson Barrett
Ophelia.....Miss Eastlake
Claudius.....Charles Hudson
Ghost.....J. H. Clyde
Polonius.....Austin Melford
Laertes.....Charles Fulton
First Actor.....Cooper Cliffe
First Gr. Vedigger.....W. A. Elliott
Gertrude.....Mrs. Belmont
Player Queen.....Lila Garth

We have seen all sorts of Hamlets, including the "new Hamlet," which was introduced to us by Wilson Barrett at the Star on Monday night. We do not like it. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is "new" only in a few features. He has restored several portions of the text that are usually omitted and cut out a number that are usually spoken. As the restored lines neither add to the effectiveness of the tragedy from a dramatic point of view, nor furnish a clearer understanding of its plot and purpose, but merely tend to lengthen the performance to an inordinate hour, we cannot see that any good purpose has been achieved in this respect.

Some of Mr. Barrett's readings are absurd, and therefore "new," some of his business is far fetched, and consequently novel. We do not see that he has in the higher sense humanized the ideal character of the melancholy prince; we do not see that he has let in any new light upon it; but we do very distinctly see that he has done his best to make it commonplace, trivial and shallow, ignoring the peculiar mystical charm of Shakespeare's creation and entirely obscuring its fascinating psychological side.

If Hamlet is a commonplace character, then the play of Hamlet must be a very uninteresting play. It is the elements of spirituality and idealism that constitute its peculiar force, and these elements Mr. Barrett disregards as far as possible. He gives but a superficial representation of the part; one that is plainly understood, to be sure, because it has no depth and gives no stimulus to thought.

Mr. Barrett virtually says to us: "Hamlet is only a lad of twenty. He is not capable of appreciating the full extent of the thoughts to which he gives utterance. If he were older he would be a poet. He is not inert or irresolute as actors have hitherto pictured him—he is determined and active. He is perfectly clear in his thoughts and his resolves. As soon as he discovers the accuracy of the ghost's revelations he adopts an appropriate course of vengeance. The play-scene has always been set in a room in the castle. I will change this to the garden of the palace. What more natural than that the mimic reproduction of his father's murder should take place on the very spot where the crime was committed? Therefore I shall add realism to the scene by putting it there, for Shakespeare must certainly have intended that as the place for the mock play."

Although Mr. Barrett obliges the other members of the cast to lay special and unnatural stress on all lines relating to Hamlet's youth that may appear in the text, and although he disputes the authenticity of the gravedigger's lines that exactly fix the Prince's age, this point may be considered immaterial. Certainly the rejuvenation of the King, Queen and Hamlet neither add materially to the spectator's enjoyment nor his comprehension of the drama. So far as the alterations in the scene are concerned, they are of very little consequence, and Mr. Barrett's changes, failing to augment either in picturesqueness or in effectiveness, are not particularly commendable. In Shakespeare's day it is not likely that any special attention to the *mise en-scène* was given, the sign-board indicating the nature of each imaginary locality being all that was requisite. The play was then, in truth, the thing. Mr. Barrett seems to think that a finicky interpretation of the play and a regard to all the minor significances of it are most important.

Mr. Barrett looks very handsome in the part, his clean-cut face with its strongly marked features, his sturdy figure and well formed limbs giving him an air of princely force and distinction. But he is not graceful in his action, nor dignified in his mien. In despite of his attempt to depart from the traditional methods of the blank-verse drama, he stalked about most artificially, dragging one foot slowly and painfully after the other as if it were loth to leave the stage. His reading was singularly weak and colorless; false emphasis, false inflection, false pauses and false modulation were its prevalent and conspicuous defects. Whenever it is possible to avoid a reading that common sense and common usage have established, Mr. Barrett takes particular pains to do so.

We admire originality; we have no objection to upsetting the errors of the past; we have no respect for tradition merely for tradition's sake; but we do most strenuously object to the sort of originality that is based on a desire to evade the well established, well-considered results of many years of intelligent research and endeavor. We do not by this mean to insinuate that Mr. Barrett, in avoiding accepted stage usage, does so merely to attract attention. Mr. Barrett is unquestionably an earnest and conscientious actor, without a single trace of the histrionic charlatan in his composition. We do not wish to quarrel with his motives, which are, without doubt, admirable. We are simply disappointed in his results. He debases a poem by prosaic treatment. In the effort to reconcile superficial and immaterial discrepancies and inconsistencies, he loses sight altogether of the real meaning of the play and shows us the husks

and mechanism, not the heart and soul of the character.

Aside from his paltry and inadequate conception of Hamlet, Mr. Barrett's performance must be set down as decidedly crude. When it was not automatic it lacked finish. This was noticeable especially in the scene with Ophelia, where the actor, not content with indicating once to the audience Hamlet's knowledge of the eavesdropping near at hand, almost continuously intersperses his speeches with knowing frowns and menacing gestures in the direction of the concealed King and Polonius. He misses many of the best effects of which the part is capable in his aversion to the precedents of other and better actors. In the ghost scenes he is more overcome with youthful terror than filial awe. In the play scene he resorts to theatrical tricks that have a most lame and impotent conclusion because on the King's hasty flight he restores several lines that let the impressive and exciting situation down to a level of tameness. In the closet scene he is hysterical, adopting in the matter of the pictures Rossi's device of stamping fiercely on his uncle's miniature and bidding his mother good night with sobs and tears. There is a superabundance of posing, of clutching at tapestries and fingering of daggers. In the soliloquies a commonplace tone is used, which, with the extravagant misreadings before alluded to, produced a tedious effect. The listener cannot feel that the thoughts he hears expressed proceed from a brain capable of originating them. There is an sense of anomaly in the words and the utterance.

And yet Mr. Barrett was loudly applauded, followed from first to last with approving attention, and called most enthusiastically before the curtain by the crowded and distinguished audience. His picturesque appearance, his contempt for tradition and his melodramatic treatment of some of the scenes no doubt accounted for the favor with which he met.

Charles Hudson mouthed Claudius *à la Irving*, but fortunately, through hoarseness, was obliged to modulate his voice before the tragedy was near the conclusion. J. H. Clyde read the Ghost's speeches with an excellent elocution. Mr. Melford's Polonius was one of the best we have seen. In many respects his performance was the most deserving of approbation, although it received none worth speaking of from the audience. Mrs. Belmont's Queen was graciously regal. Miss Eastlake made a pretty, if rather colorless, Ophelia. Last night Clito was set down for production.

The farce of the Tin Soldier was presented at Niblo's Garden on Monday night with its usual versatility of fun. James T. Powers in the part of Rats exhibits a varied range of ability as a low comedian and the vivacity requisite for such a piece, but has a rapid and chopped-up utterance, very difficult to understand in front. Nor was he the only sinner in the company in this respect; indeed all were tarred with that brush more or less, excepting Amy Ames, George C. Boniface, Jr., and Thomas Q. Seabrooke. If actors will not listen to THE MIRROR's constant complaints about inarticulation, or if they cannot speak cut, we shall have seriously to start a fund for the gratuitous supply of speaking trumpets. It perhaps arises from the excessive modesty of American audiences who refrain so politely from expressing disapprobation. In London or Dublin the stage would receive an instruction from the gods in the shape of a stentorian shout of "Speak up, can't you?" or words to that effect. Thomas Q. Seabrooke was versatile and clever in the three roles of the Italian image vender, the postman and the sham hero. George C. Boniface, Jr., was cast for the Professor, and performed the part with his usual painstaking vim. Clara Lane acted Carrie Story well, and handsome Isabella Coe gracefully and naturally acted the role of Victoria Bridge. All the real *vis comica* of the piece, however, seems to centre upon Amy Ames, whose personation of Violet Hughes, the Irish cook, was funny enough to satisfy even our critical standard. Next week The Black Crook.

Tony Pastor's Theatre is the resort of goodly gatherings this week, intent on enjoying the pleasant entertainment there afforded. The programme is replete with novel and entertaining sections—something we are used to here.

Fantasma opened to a large house at the Windsor Monday evening. Everything passed off smoothly except that the scenery hitched, and it was several times apparent that some one had blundered. The piece is a heavy one, and the bungling may be attributed to that reason. Kate Davis sang "Sweet Genevieve," with imitations interspersed, in the last act, and the house demanded four or five encores. The rest of the people were the same in the main as we have hitherto seen in this favorite entertainment. Next week, The Ivy Leaf.

Frederic Bryton presented *Forgiven to a large audience on Monday at the Grand Opera House*. The drama and the star were received with the usual hearty approval.

The Dominie's Daughter, a pretty and quiet domestic play, has quite taken a hold on public favor, and the audiences at Wallack's are numerous and attentive.

At Dockstader's the Boodlers and the char-

acters connected with their trial are successfully and funnily burlesqued. The musical features remain as delightful as ever. The vocal force of this organization has never been surpassed in the annals of minstrelsy.

The Commercial Tourist's Bride will depart from the Union Square stage on Saturday night. Next Monday Mme. Janauschek begins an engagement, that is to be her farewell to the Metropolis, in *Meg Merriles*.

Ruddy Gore comes off the Fifth Avenue stage on Saturday evening after a brief and inglorious career. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Rankin will present a new play, by Clay Greene, called *The Golden Giant*.

Next Monday Miss Dauvray will succeed Walda Lamar, which has been doing nicely at the Lyceum, with an elaborated production of Sheridan Knowles' *Love Chase*. The part of Constance will afford the leader of this organization ample opportunity to show her metal in legitimate comedy.

The Old Homestead continues to crowd the Fourteenth Street Theatre with appreciative spectators. It is a delightful, refreshing entertainment.

Erminie's 300th performance will be celebrated on Tuesday night. An event so exceptional is worthy of exceptional recognition, and this the charming operetta will receive on the occasion in question.

McNooney's Visit remains on the bills of the Park. Mr. Harrigan will shortly revive *Cordelia's Aspirations*—to the satisfaction and delight of Mrs. Yeamans' friends.

At the Madison Square the final performances of Jim the Penman are announced. Mr. Palmer advertises that the company are due with the piece in Boston the first week in May.

The Barnum and Forepaugh Show at Madison Square Garden was altered somewhat on Monday night. An immense house enjoyed the exciting hippodrome races that were on this occasion introduced. Chariot, standing, flat and hurdle races were conducted with a dash and genuineness that aroused real enthusiasm. With the new features the show is "greater than ever."

The Musical Mirror.

In Galatea, at the Metropolitan, on Friday, Pauline L'Allemand seemed bent on effacing the unfavorable impression of her slovenly work in *Martha*. She sang with delightful purity and correctness, and acted with a great deal of liveliness and sly, mischievous humor. Moreover, she made up capital as the statue; her fine-cut, piquante features and pretty figure were most effective in the snowy wig and fleecy draperies of the sculptor's masterwork. Jessie Bartlett-Davis made an excellent Pygmalion. Her fine figure and free, easy movement, with the rich tones of her contralto voice, made a total effect highly suitable to the classic conception of the Grecian youth—a something less feminine than woman, yet more graceful and delicate than the robust coarseness of average masculinity.

Fessenden was vocally a most efficient, personally a very inappropriate, Ganymede, and Hamilton was properly grotesque and funny in the caricature role of Midas.

Massé's Galatea music was heard with renewed pleasure. It is warm, flowing and melodious, with a peculiarly dainty and charming orchestration. In its grace and refinement, typical of the best French school, it continually suggests Auber, less definite, perhaps, in rhythmic construction, but with more concession to the modern demand for continuous melody. No term so aptly describes it as that ill used but still expressive phrase *elegance*. Toward the finale there were one or two scenes with chorus, of a perceptible bouffe flavor, which the performers accentuated by carrying their liveliness to the utmost verge of the farcical. Without the advantage of consulting the original text and stage business, it is impossible to say just how far this was overdone; but with a score so really graceful and poetic it were to be wished that the purely comic element might be less strongly emphasized. As to the book, it certainly is superfluous, if not offensive, to lower the tone of the dialogue to the colloquial slanginess of the present translation.

Delibes' Ballet *Sylvia*, which formed the second part of the bill, is pretty and flowing as to the score, and the choreographic element offers an unusual chance for that taste and richness in costume and appurtenance in which the company is especially strong. The part of Sylvia was, as usual, admirably given by Mme. Gillert, who is not only a charming dancer, but a singularly beautiful and attractive woman as well. It is a pity, however, that so much of her ability should be wasted on what to the eye of a finer taste appears pure gymnastics, as appropriate almost on the tan ring of the hippodrome as on the boards of the Opera House. It is wonderful, certainly, to see a graceful and delicate woman execute contortions which would try the skill of a Ravel and dislocate the anatomy of John L. Sullivan; but one is often tempted to wish, with Dr. Johnson, that they were impossible. Time was, in the days of Taglioni and Elslser, when the *ballerina* was expected to be, in pose, step and movement, sinuous, fluent and graceful. If

she attained this, no one expected or desired her to rival the prize athletes of the trapeze. Nowadays there seems some danger of the *corps de ballet* entering on a competition with the Turnverein, and muscle threatens to take the place of lightness and taste. The sylphide of the old-time ballet was, above and through all, sylphlike. As we watched her float vapourously across the stage, or poised in wrapt attention above the sleeping form of her mortal lover, it was simply impossible to realize that she weighed one hundred and fifty and upward, and would presently go home to a late supper of chops and ale. Such solid nutriment is entirely consistent with the robust friskiness of the average Metropolitan coryphée. She spins, hops and kicks vigorously, but she never floats. The healthy young people of the Metropolitan ballet display a physical health and energy which doubtless make them most useful and agreeable in private life, and to wish them any diminution in this regard seems inhuman. Yet if deep meditation on Plato's dialogues, or the melancholy of an unrequited attachment, or any other attenuating influence might somewhat etherealize this unaesthetic robustness, it is certain that their individual loss would be the gain of art.

And now, just as THE MIRROR is going to press, comes the report that the company is to lose the services of probably their best dancer, Giuri. Strange that managers, operatic or otherwise, have such a knack of shedding their most efficient artists. Granted, if it must be, that the fault is all on one side, and that the cantankerous artist makes it harder for the direction to live with him than without him; then why, oh, why, ye Muses, must that which is so nice always be so naughty? Why, too, might not some soothing *modus vivendi* be hit upon by which the public might gain, though the soul of the stage-manager be a little rasped? It would certainly be better to endure some sacrifice of temper, dignity or purse, rather than coolly turn away the noblest voice, the most finished method, and the most graceful *ballerina* of the troupe, while the company goes on paying an inordinate salary to one of the most disagreeable singers who have ever afflicted our long-suffering ears.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—BIG PONY.

Big Pony.....Nat. C. Goodwin
Don Filibusto.....C. B. Bishop
Singer Sancho Mendino.....Stuart Harold
Lieutenant Arlington, U. S. A.....Henry Moulton
Polcaro Petre.....Ed. and F. Goodwin
Senorita Ines.....Lillian Grubb
Senorita Marie.....Loie Fuller
Sagestina.....Estelle Mortimer

After curdling the blood of the young folks with war whoop and scalping-knife at Madison Square Garden, the noble red-man has taken a higher flight and stepped upon the comedy stage. Big Pony, in the person of Nat Goodwin, in a full dress-suit, gold earrings, pocket-tomahawk and eagle's feather, nightly illustrates at the Bijou the result of modern culture as applied to the hitherto unspotted nature of the untutored child of the plains. In the blandest and most gentlemanly manner he intervenes in the marriage of a Mexican hidalgo, fascinates the bride, abducts the feminine half of the wedding party—all too willing to be abducted—marries the fair one to her U. S. lieutenant lover, saddles himself with the duenna, and in general conducts himself like a beneficent copper-colored *dux ex machina*, in a manner to warm the heart of the Indian Educational Bureau or a Boston philanthropist.

How he does all this THE MIRROR would gladly explain if it rightly knew itself; but the story defies both analysis and report. Flimsy as it is in dramatic construction, the piece serves as a vehicle for a shower of puns, quips, topical songs and allusions, all passable and many of them very apt, funny and telling. With so clever a humorist as Mr. Goodwin there is always room for doubt as to the exact paternity of any specially good thing, and several of the local hits savor suspiciously of "gag." When Agassiz wrote his famous report on the Ichthyology of the Amazon, with general descriptions by Mrs. Agassiz, Dr. Holmes is reported to have said that the book was like the mermaid: you didn't see exactly where the fish left off and the lady began. In Mr. Wheeler's droll skit the humor flows so evenly that one is sometimes puzzled to draw a demarcation line between the smoothness of the artist and the genuine crinkle of the author.

The title role is played by Mr. Goodwin with much of that quiet, dry humor and seemingly almost unconscious fun which the public has learned to expect of him, though under the sad bereavement so recently befallen it would be more than natural if he showed all of his usual unctious. Lillian Grubb, without any great claims as an actress, sings nicely, and is easy, bright and particularly pretty in her successive gay costumes. Whatever the intelligence may think of it, the eye gets its full money's worth. Estelle Mortimer, too, gives a neat and really finished sketch of the affected and silly duenna, though for complete verisimilitude she should essay the difficult task of making herself look old and ugly. With these exceptions the acting is entirely commonplace.

Of the music, by Mr. E. I. Darling, it is not easy to say very much in praise. It is simple and comprehensible; lilting, lively, and singable enough, but cheap in construction and without a trace of originality to differentiate it from ordinary operetta music of the second order. The best bits in

the work are a neat quintette without accompaniment in the second act, and a really good chorus, with principals, in the third, which for its best effect should have been used as a finale. In any case, however, it should be sung *messo forte* and not roared; the boisterous raggedness of its present performance, considering the theme—slumber and falling twilight, etc.—is distinctly out of place.

On the whole Big Pony, at first hearing, seems a droll trifle, with less literary merit than might have been expected from its clever author, Mr. A. C. Wheeler, and a rather mediocre score. It is hardly *sung* at all; but the puns are funny, the scenery pretty, especially the last act, and the faces, figures and dresses bright, gay and enlivening enough to give it probably a few weeks' vitality. To predict for it a longer run would be unsafe.

Gossip of the Town.

Frank C. Cooper is doing special writing for the *Herald*.

J. M. Hill is expected in the city toward the latter part of this week.

Joseph Levy, Lawrence Barrett's representative, is expected in the city in a few days.

Marguerite Fish closes season with the end of her engagement in Brooklyn on April 16.

It is quite probable that Evans and Hoey will follow Harrigan at the New Park Theatre for a summer season.

Time is all filled for the fifth season of the Two Johns Comedy company under the management of A. Q. Scammon.

Allan Dare, Admiral Porter's play, first produced in San Francisco, will likely be done at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next season.

David Belasco will begin his first regular stage work at the Lyceum Theatre with the production of *The Highest Bidder* next month.

The scene plots, models and prompt copy of *The Great Pink Pearl*, which is to open the preliminary season of the Lyceum Theatre next Autumn, arrived on Monday from London.

Clara Morris and her company returned to town on Monday. Frank Goodwin does not speak very enthusiastically of the tour, as several obstacles, including epidemic small-pox at Los Angeles, Cal., were encountered.

The following people appear in *The Golden Giant* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next Monday night: Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, Nestor Lennox, Robert Hilliard, Charles Frew, Charles Stanley, Daisy Dorr, Louise Dickson, Charles Greene and H. G. Murray.

Dan Sully has sold his donkey, which bore the name of Daddy Nolan, to a man in Syracuse for \$25. Mr. Sully states that the man lives five miles from the city, and left the theatre after the performance one night. As yet no news of his arrival at his home has been received.

The roof garden at the Casino will be opened early in May. It will be profusely decorated the coming season, a number of pieces of statuary added, and the whole front of the building will be lit up for the first time. As usual, promenade concerts will follow the performance.

Charles MacGeachy has secured Alfred F. Bradley to assist him in the preliminaries of both Kelley's *Macbeth* music recital at Chickering Hall, late this month, and McKee Rankin's spectacular production of the same play at Niblo's in October. Mr. Bradley was last in advance of Kate Castleton.

Henry Miller arrived in the city from San Francisco on Tuesday with the Clara Morris company, and is now preparing for the leading role in *Held by the Enemy*, in the cast of which he returns to San Francisco in May for a season of fifteen weeks. At the conclusion of that engagement he joins the Lyceum Theatre stock company.

The following artists are to appear at Manager John F. Donnelly's benefit at the Bijou Opera House next Sunday evening: Nat C. Goodwin, John A. Mackay, F. Federici, the Clipper Quartette, Stuart Harold, Loie Fuller, Lillian Grubb, Jennie Yeamans, Ida Mülle, Charles Dickson, Vernon Jarbeau, William Sweatnam and Sam Devere.

McNooney's Visit will end with its eleventh week, which begins next Monday night at Harrigan's Park Theatre. It will be followed on April 18 by *Cordelia's Aspirations* for two weeks, after which the company goes to Brooklyn under Mart Hanley's management for four weeks, and then start en tour to San Francisco.

During the second act of *Our Irish Visitors*, Tuesday evening, at the Academy of Music, Jersey City, a candle accidentally overturned on the table, setting fire to the cover. The presence of mind of Ethel Corlette, who promptly extinguished the flame, possibly prevented what might have been a serious fire, and at least averted a panic.

The students of the New York School of Acting will most probably produce the *Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum Theatre about May 1. The play will call into requisition from fifty to seventy-five of the pupils, the leading roles to be given to the more advanced students, while this year's contingent may be called upon to act as supernumeraries.

"Look at me and see if I'm able to act," said Thomas W. Keene to a MIRROR reporter who called on him during his rehearsal at the Fourteenth Street Theatre yesterday. "I open at Wilkesbarre next Wednesday night, and play Hamlet, Richelieu, Shylock and Claude Melnotte for the present. I go out for four weeks and a half, and shall not make any arrangements for next season until June. I shall test my mettle first. W. G. Smythe is my manager, and I have a splendid company. Eight of my old company are with me."

Osmond Tearle and his wife (Minnie Conway) arrived in the city on Sunday night from New Orleans. To a MIRROR reporter Mr. Tearle said: "The season down in New Orleans was very bad, but the people there were very nice, and on the closing night they presented us with flowers and fruits in great abundance. I was never so glad to be anywhere as I was to get back to New York. It will seem like old times to be playing opposites to Miss Coghlan. I haven't decided what I'm to do next season, but I have several appointments with people to day, and many come to some conclusion later in the week. Manager Bidwell has done very badly the past season in New Orleans, and says that next season he will be compelled to engage a much cheaper company."

The Giddy Gusher.



This festive philosopher has been in a comatose state for the week past. There's been too much weather in this country to agree with what my friend Minerva would call my "love for an equitable temperament." The constitution of the United States is a weak one beside mine, but when the thermometer throws somersaults it breaks me up. It got so warm on one morning that I ordered stoves taken down and went out with my mocking bird on the piazza; came in to lunch, and went out with mittens on at 1 o'clock to bring him in, and found he had been caught in his bath by the change and was frozen in solid.

So, as I told you, I loafed and nursed colds till Tuesday night. To my horror, I thought me: "Next day will be Wednesday, and no Gusher. Nothing to write about—half sick from the behavior of playful Spring." Dull and spiritless, I concluded to knock round the lower part of the city for a few hours. Got down the Bowery as far as Miner's handsome theatre, when I found the bills of Hoodman Blinded at his door-posts.

I had a dim recollection of a troubled night at Wallack's, when some of the "society" members of that company played at acting in that place. Stilted and unnatural I thought it. The name had no attraction for me; but a stiff March wind decided the question. It blew me right in, and I suppose I passed a more astonished evening than I shall enjoy again in some time.

Joseph Haworth struck me, in the sheet and pillow-slip days of Icilus and the other Romans, as a fine actor. Later on, at the Union Square, in A Moral Crime, I saw him do some magnificent acting; but I was wholly unprepared for the version of Hoodman Blind I saw at Miner's last night.

Although I had heard that he made a great hit when he first played it at the Grand Opera House, this performance fairly startled me. Oh, that I could have planted Kyrle Bellew, with his airs and graces, in a box, and had the delight of watching the effect of that Jack Yeulett on his nervous centres. There never was an imported leading man at Wallack's who could touch that part, and Mr. Bellew is the weakest all round premier that Wallack ever imported. But notwithstanding the arrow-root and corn-starch of which that young man is principally composed, I think the performance of that character by Joseph Haworth would have disturbed his cereal tranquillity.

The Porte St. Martin had an idol once in Frederic Lemaître. He was a believer in transmigration of souls; he held a theory that when about twenty years of age his whole character changed—from having a shrinking, commonplace nature, he was suddenly possessed of an artistic spirit; strange magnetic qualities were given him; his former predilections were displaced; he became an actor of melodrama, and without doubt one of the finest the world ever produced. About that time a famous artist died, and Lemaître, in some capacity, had been much about him. He said to Charles Fechter once:

"The spirit of that man has gone into business with mine."

I would like to ask Joe Haworth if Frederic Lemaître's spirit is not in partnership with his. If he is conscious of a foreign element on the premises, be sure it's Lemaître, for in this present day he has the intensity, the grace, the fire that distinguished the famous creator of Don Caesar and kindred characters.

Joseph Haworth is the best exponent of passionate acting this country has ever produced. His rage is real, and his grief contagious. The feelings that are raised in man by the well-matched pugilists within the charmed arena of a twenty-four-foot ring respond to his encounter with Mark Lezzard.

There was a passage in Le Morte d'Arthur, where Salvaia, the dying prisoner, used to win a caress from the daughter that knew him not, that made a whole audience his weeping family. There was a haggard despair of face, an eloquence of action telling of actual suffering, no depicted woe by any other actor ever approached. In his scenes with Nance, Joseph Haworth, in that quality of reality, comes near to that grand old Italian. All the sweetness Joe Emmet used to put into the business with a little child, and the muscular force and concentration that distinguished Charles F. Horne. No wonder Hoodman Blind was a revelation to me.

The supporting cast is admirable. Sidney Armstrong puts Miss Robe's idea of Nance as far in the shade as Haworth leaves Mr. Bellew. She is a radiant little actress of great intelligence. She plays the strangely different sisters with force and pathos. No actor on the West side could handle Mark Lezzard as well as Augustus Cook—except Stoddard. Sidney Howard is capital as the impulsive Chibbles. Matt Snyder, as the Gypsy, was as brutal and picturesque as McKee Rankin used to be in the Two Orphans. The "little Aimee" was delightfully natural. The minor parts were all well filled, and altogether I have not enjoyed an evening for a long time as much as the one passed with Hoodman Blind.

I was reading, a day or so ago, of some suspected man's identification by a Western prison official. Photos of the man under surveillance had been sent out broadcast, and the jailer of Duluth or Dubuque, or some small prison, authoritatively stated that they need go no further—the man was Jimmy Crackcase; served time in his particular crib; escaped from Joliet; slugged a keeper and knifed a fellow-convict in an Eastern penitentiary. The picture was fully and completely recognized, and yet before they had time to hang him he was found to be an overworked student from some Wesleyan university who was temporarily off his base.

Look at that murdered girl in Rahway. She has been identified as being fifty different persons. Women have wept over her as daughter, sister and friend. Strong men have turned away and acknowledged it was their lost Mary Ann. And yet no one knows who she is today.

Some years ago a family in this city had a mother stray away. They caused a great commotion, but no trace of the missing ma could be found. She had a wart on her nose, four front false teeth; she wore away a grey switch braided among her own scarce hairs; she had a wedding ring with the names John and Mary engraved inside; she had a pair of generous feet, for No. 6 Congress gaiters took her away. Nearly a month elapsed. No news of ma. The family were wild, when, with a sad face, some friend came with news that an old lady had come ashore at Pier 31 who answered the description. Down went the whole family to the Morgue. There was their unfortunate mother; she was thoroughly identified. The wart was there; the false teeth were not in, but four vacancies were there; so the conclusion was she had swallowed 'em for safety before taking to a watery grave. The grey switch was on, and, unerring indication, a gold ring with "John and Mary" inside it encircled her finger. If any doubt remained, the No. 6 boots removed it. They took her right home; got mourning; announced the funeral, and buried her, with great grief, in the family plot in Greenwood.

They got home from the grave and sat down for a season of lamentation over her fate, when the lodge of sorrow was broken up and the wildest excitement produced by the doors opening and ma, wart, store-teeth and Congress gaiters, walking in, sound as a billiard ball.

"Who's dead?" cried the woman they had just buried.

"You are! We left you in Greenwood this afternoon," wailed the paralyzed daughters.

"Mercy me! Why I've been visiting Miss Merritt's to Scupper's Landin'. Hain't seen no papers, and didn't think it worth while to write," explained ma.

Now, who on earth had they planted? They never knew, and the strange likeness, the double of their mother, lies in Greenwood today, a mystery never unearthed.

The marvellous coincidence of the clothes—the whole affair—is the puzzle of their lives. I tell you I'd be very cautious about identifying anyone, dead or alive.

I had one narrow escape, in my childhood, from the perils of identification. I must have been about eight—as robust and healthy a young pirate as ever scuttled a family. A pious mother and a prayer-book left me at the gate one Sunday morning as too irredeemably bad to take to church. So I gathered a neighboring girl and was enticing her to storm a beautiful pear-tree with me, as soon as its owner should have passed en route to the tabernacle. She was a mild and good child, and, according to Sunday-school books, should have been the one under Divine protection. As I swung on the gate in my Ingersollian state of religious belief and independence, a strange man accosted us and asked me particularly if I would not, like the juvenile Christian he took me for, go with him and get his little girl and take her to Sunday-school. No missionary spirit stirred me, and I firmly declined; but my poor little partner was glad to bring a sheep into the fold, and though I urged the superiority of pears over an enterprise of the kind proposed, off she went to destruction, leaving me safe in my heathenism inside my father's gate.

At noon the whole town rang with the awful news that the wretch who had taken my little friend away had lured the child to a secluded spot and outraged her. She had been found and taken home unconscious and perhaps dying. Then I became the most important person in that town. I could describe that fiend and identify him when found. I spent

the entire day describing. There was more description to the square inch given by me about that man than was ever heard of in any case before. With morning several arrests were made, and the anxiety of my father commenced.

"She'll hang 'em all," said he to ma. So the two took me and gave me a complete education as far as drilling into me the danger of accusing an innocent person; the thousand chances of mistake were discussed. With fear and trembling I was carted to the jail and confronted with gang after gang of men, among whom was some suspected man. I hesitated about hanging the prison chaplain, and the gallows hung for a while over the Town Clerk—I was so anxious to do what was expected of me and identify somebody.

As the day wore on I made up my mind to select a man who was janitor of the State House and refused to let me play in the belfry, when a new fellow was arrested and I was sent for the dozenth time. All these proceedings had been accompanied by much mysterious talk, and my curiosity was greatly excited. I had been told that my little friend was likely to die from her terrible misfortune of meeting this wretch, but very few particulars had been vouchsafed me, and I was proportionately interested. On the road to the jail this time my father read me the riot act and a dreadful homily on hasty identification.

Arrived at the jail, there was no more doubt possible. There was the man. The date is too remote for me to recollect whether it was my father's instructions or a horrible threatening glance the man bent on me that deterred me from telling 'em at once they had got the right fellow. Perhaps I thought I'd better hang the janitor of the Court House. Anyway, I was careful not to look at the culprit much.

"Do you see any one here who looks like that man?" asked my father.

I gave him no satisfaction, and he turned away to talk to some of the men. This was my opportunity. I slipped over to the doomed man under suspicion, and piped up:

"Whatever happened to Maria when she went away with you yesterday?"

That settled it. They had that creature in their deepest dungeon in ten minutes; and he went properly to prison for twenty years within a month.

I lived in mortal fear for years that he would escape and wreak a deadly vengeance on the

GIDDY GUSHER.

More Opinions on the Law.

THE MIRROR's agitation of the Inter-State Commerce bill, and its effect upon the theatrical profession, has caused a wide discussion and much comment among those most directly interested. A complete study and full understanding of the provisions of the bill by the more intelligent class of managers has produced a wide diversity of opinion as to whether good or evil to the profession will follow a strict interpretation and enforcement of the law.

The most general impression is that weaker and cheaper combinations will be seriously affected, and that if any material increase in passenger rates and charges for excess baggage is made that many of these will succumb. It is argued that the elimination, by this or any other means, will redound to the benefit of the higher class of companies by removing much of the present competition.

These arguments were presented to a well known manager the other day, and he made reply: "These are specious arguments, the fallacy of which can be easily made understood. In the first place, if there is a material increase in the cost of transportation, it will naturally fall hardest on the companies that use the roads for the longest haul and that carry the greater amount of baggage. Take what are called first class attractions that play the large cities, and they cannot, except in rare instances, afford to play in the smaller towns, and for obvious reasons they try to avoid these as much as possible. Their railroad fares under the past order of things has averaged \$10 a week for each member of the company, and by reason of their standing in the profession and their needs, both socially and professionally, they have every one of them been compelled to carry a large amount of baggage, from two to five trunks each, according to whether they were playing a repertoire or not. Each empty trunk will weigh from fifty to seventy pounds, and when packed will weigh, on an average, 200 pounds. Companies playing melodramas or spectacular pieces carry, in addition to the ordinary baggage, a large amount of scenery and properties not possible to obtain in local theatres. These are the companies that will feel the increased rates of transportation.

"On the other hand, the cheap company plays week stands in places where the best companies fail to make it pay to stop one night, and their jumps seldom reach more than sixty or seventy miles. They carry no excess of baggage or scenery worth speaking of, and under the past order of things they have not averaged an expense for transportation more than \$2 or \$3 a week per capita. Now figure every company on the road at an average of fifteen people, and you can readily see where the increased expense will fall and that the cheap companies will not feel it nearly so much as the high priced.

"Another point that must be taken into consideration, and that is that the more companies on the road the more rapidly will the public taste be educated, and the more rapidly will theatre-goers be made.

of the new law should result in the disbandment of any considerable number of the companies now travelling, the natural result would be, in the long run, detrimental to the better class of professionals; for that same building up of a taste for the drama would in the same proportion cease. Cheap companies make the taste, and the desire, once in the mind, grows into a wish for something better. Hence the advantage derived by the big company out of the work of the little. In other words, the big fish is fed by the little fish.

"Another phase of the argument is that if the little companies composed of cheap actors are forced to dissolution, these same actors will come into direct competition with better actors, and managers of first-class combinations, feeling the increased expense of travel, will naturally look for a retrenchment in some other part of their business, and will fill up much of their company with cheap and bad actors, thereby giving incomplete performances, causing dissatisfaction to the public and a natural falling off in receipts.

"Again, look at the effect, on the small opera houses through the country, of a reduction in the number of travelling companies. The special rates given by railroads has had much to do with increasing the number of road companies, and thereby in causing the erection of beautiful places of amusement in small towns at great expense. Much reduction in the number of companies will cause great loss to these enterprising men. Hotels, too, will suffer with others. In fact, so intimately has the 'show business,' so called, become allied to other lines that any stoppage of its universality will affect, financially, more people than those directly interested."

A railroad official in the passenger department of one of the principal railroads argues:

"The railroads naturally feel resentment at any Governmental interference with what they consider their vested rights. They invested hundreds of millions of dollars in railroads, and by extending them to all parts of the country have done more to build up and make great the United States than all the soldiers, sailors and statesmen we ever had. Abuses, discriminations, etc., will creep into all large businesses, and no one denies that they are frequent in railroad management. So they are in every part of our Government—municipal, county, State and national—and although the employees of the railroads of the United States outnumber the combined public officials of the country, the people, as a whole, have much less cause to complain of the injustice of railroads than they have of their own personally selected servants. Yet here are five men selected to actually control the vast railroad interests of this great Republic, and this law requires that they shall be inexperienced, and they are expected to direct, with their lack of knowledge, the management of their own property by men who have spent their lives in a study of the details of the most stupendous business of the world.

"Railroad managers have good reasons for all they do, and when they give special rates to theatrical parties they do it for a good purpose. But the present law prohibits this where a State line is crossed. Now, the general idea among railroad men is to make this same rule apply to all travel, whether local or through, and this is where the shoe will pinch. Still, if the effect of this strict interpretation shall be found to kill off many companies, I think the roads will resume the practice of giving special rates to companies travelling between any two points within any one State and not crossing any State line. They would do this rather than lose the travel. At present, however, the rule is likely to be enforced.

"The law allows the Commissioners to suspend, for good reason, the operation, in particular cases, of any part of the law; and if the theatrical people should properly present their case to the Commission, I believe they might get certain privileges. At any rate it would do no harm to try it. Dry-goods men are preparing to ask certain concessions; other special interests are doing the same, and if the theatrical people will get in quick with their appeal they may succeed. The railroads will give rates if the Commission will allow it; but they will not ask for the privilege."

A MIRROR reporter recently had a conversation with Manager W. O. Wheeler, of Dan Sullivan's company, agent the new law. Mr. Wheeler is an observant traveller, and an experienced newspaper man as well as theatrical manager. He said in substance:

"The temper of the railroads is shown by the decision of several State Associations to apply the provisions of the law to business that is confined to the limits of single States. This decision may be the result of a desire to make the law odious; or, on the other hand, it may be the result of a wish to secure the largest possible benefits before the workings of the law bring about what I believe to be inevitable—the general reduction of fares by the trunk lines, and an era of greater competition and more reckless cutting of rates by the smaller lines than has been heretofore known."

"If THE MIRROR will kindly allow me," said Harry Miner when a reporter of this paper dropped in at the office of the People's Theatre recently, "I would like to ventilate a little scheme by which the Inter-State Commerce law, the effect of which will begin to be felt by the managers of travelling combinations next season, will be robbed of considerable of its terrors. I refer more particularly to the managers who have melodramas that necessitate the carrying about of an immense quantity of scenery. Not alone do they have to pay an enormous sum for the scenery itself, but when it comes to paying full rates for a large company, full railroad rates for the carrying of the scenery, the expense of carting the same in and out of cities and in and out of theatres, the figures rise to simply fabulous proportions.

"Now, I would submit this proposition: That such managers engage a scenic artist to start out two months ahead of the company and go to each city and paint the scenery at the theatres in which their companies are to play. No doubt all the local managers would be willing to furnish the drops, the flats, the wings and the set pieces, and I even think that in a number of cases they would be willing to furnish the paint. The objection might be raised by the local manager that the project would necessitate their carrying around the back of their stage an enormous stock of scenery; but this is only a short-sighted view of the case. Should the combination have return dates as I have with most of the organizations playing at my theatre, the scenery could be left in stock; but if such were not the case, it could be painted over and used for the next play that came along."

THE MIRROR gives the above views as a continuation of the agitation it started some time ago. They are from experienced men, and furnish food for thought among the mem-

bers of the profession. The Inter-State Commerce Commission is composed of honest men—men who have no desire to injure any class or interest; hence it is believed they will make the law bear as lightly as possible when their attention is called to any point where injustice or hardship is worked by its too strict enforcement.

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DENMAN THOMPSON, in a successful continuation of Joshua Whitcomb, THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"One of the few substantial theatrical triumphs witnessed in New York in recent years."—Times, Jan. 11.

"Such gorgeously in the way of scenery and stage-setting has seldom been seen in New York outside of Mr. Daly's Theatre."—Journal, Jan. 11.

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N. C. GOODWIN, in the new American Opera by A. C. Wheeler and E. L. Darling, entitled

HIGBONY, THE GENTLEMANLY SAVAGE.

Every evening at 8, and Saturday matinee at 2.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Stetson.

POSITIVELY LAST WEEK. Farewell Matinee Saturday at 2.

R. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company from the Savoy Theatre, London.

In Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, RUDDY GORE.

Or, The Witch's Curse. Every Evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.

April 11—Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in Clay M. Greene's new American play, The Golden Giant.

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Frank B. Murtha. Sole Proprietor. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

One week, commencing April 4.

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Everybody gets a seat—50c., 75c., 1.00. Special Ladies and Children's Matinee on Saturday.

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Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c. Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee.

The powerful romantic actor, FREDERIC BRYTON

in FORGIVEN.

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Sir Charles Young's remarkable play in four acts, entitled

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Performance begins at 8:30.

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Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

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Positively last Week. HELEN DAUVRAY and her COMEDY COMPANY

in a new comedy-drama entitled

WALDA LAMAR, WALDA LAMAR.

Monday, April 11, first time in many years. Sheridan Knowles greatest comedy, THE LOVE CHASE.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14th Street.

Harry—THE GREAT KERNELS—John Back Together Again.

First Appearance in Two Years. A GREAT AND GRAND SHOW THIS WEEK.

and Frank Bush, Joe Hart, The Julianna, The Three Photos and Flying Woman, Topack and Neale, Miss George Parker, Labella Ward, William De Lee, Good seats 25 cents.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE, Regular Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

BENJ. MAGINLEY in MAY BLOSSOM.

April 11—PAT ROONEY in PAT'S

The Usher.



Mem him who cant! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Opera appears to be as unlucky under the nose of the Sphinx as in New York and London, although the interpreters of the great composers find hospitable entertainment from the Egyptian Government. A friend, writing me from Cairo, says: "Milan is wild just now and Europe 'not all unmoved' over Verdi's Otello. His last opera, Aida, was written for Cairo by order, and at the cost of the late Khedive Ismail, fifteen years ago. Ismail did everything magnificently, and he treated theatricals, as all other things, *en prince*. He not only paid Verdi handsomely, but provided all the costumes at his own expense and had much the handsomest wardrobe in the world. Then he made the opera company, or its management, a present of \$200,000 and gave them the theatre free for the whole season."

"Egypt is too poor to do this now," continues my correspondent, "but the Khedive, who owns the theatre, always gives it free to every opera company that comes and allows it to use the wardrobe, which is very extensive, also without charge. With this he is comforted, O, American Opera! Opera uniformly fails here, and this year the singers put the managers into bankruptcy. Thereupon the beneficent Government came forward and gave the stranded actors and actresses 25,000 francs to take them home, whereupon they took the money and went to Constantinople, where they reopened."

In Theodora Bernhard shows her toes by wearing a singular combination of slipper and sandal. A semi-nude foot raised at the rear by a high French heel is a mixture of anachronistic archaism that nobody except Sarah would conceive. We might forgive the absurdity of the idea if it were not for the toes themselves, which, owing to a career of encasement in tight boots or to some other cause, are horribly ugly. They are gnarled, knotted, twisted and distorted into hideous shapes. Civilization has pretty nearly obliterated the pristine beauty of the naked female foot. Bare feet, as a general thing, are unsightly, and society recognizes the fact inasmuch as for some years past it has been the custom at all well-regulated seaside resorts for women to wear stockings when they dip in the sea. Perhaps the waves declined to kiss the feet of the fair bathers under the former condition. I never saw but two pairs of bare feet on the stage that withstood the lens of the opera glass. One pair belonged to Bianca Lablancche, who showed them in Mignon, and the other to pretty Estelle Clayton, who gave us a peep in *Favette*. In both cases they were truly classical. But Bernhard cannot make us understand Justinian's amatory folly so long as she exhibits her toes. They had best be covered with glove-shaped hose.

My gossip tells me:

That Kyrle Bellew will not be the leading man at Wallack's next season.

That C. W. Durant owns Big Pony and furnished the money for its production.

That Nat Goodwin has not been his old self since the death of his wife.

That the Carte company are indignant at the treatment they have received, and Federal says the abandonment of the season and the projected trip to Germany with *The Mikado* denotes that there is something "running" with the London end of the enterprise.

That the prettiest and best-voiced girls of the *a la Carte* Ruddygore chorus have been taken on by Rudolph Aronson at the Casino.

That Jennie Jure Croly has bought a half interest in *Godey's Lady's Book*, and her daughter Vida is going on the stage, having been engaged by Dan Frohman for his stock season.

That the detectives employed by the private agencies are now all equipped with pocket cameras with which to carry off positive negative evidence of their discoveries.

That the new rule which keeps the Fund room open until six o'clock daily is a source of much satisfaction and convenience to the members.

That Uncle Ben Baker celebrated his sixtieth birthday on Monday and was congratulated during the day by almost everybody, from Aunt Louisa Eldridge to Wilson Barrett.

That William Davidge's benefit will take place the week following Easter, most likely at the Academy of Music, Edward Rice, with characteristic generosity, having refused to allow the affair to take place during his date at the Grand Opera House.

That Henry Arthur Jones has finally postponed his oft deferred trip to this side until next season.

That Henry Abbey and John Schoeffel have taken in Maurice Grau as a third partner in all their enterprises, and the trio are to have a theatre in this city next season.

William Winter, who seldom makes his appearance at the playhouse nowadays except on occasions of more than passing interest, watched Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet* on Monday night. The veteran critic, I am glad to say, is greatly improved in health and spirits. He deprecates the cheapness of that late has become the leading feature of the profession. "Cheap prices make cheap actors and cheap performances," said he, between the acts. "I don't care for myself, as I go to the theatre as little as possible; but I pity the playgoers that are to come." Winter's criticism on the so called "new *Hamlet*" in Tuesday's *Tribune* was a brilliant piece of work, clear, keen and incisive as anything he has lately written. When he is not warped by friendship, Winter's judgment, like his literary style, is admirable. There is no critic in this country that possesses in so marked a degree the qualities of grace, vigor, poetic fervor and analytical power.

Tom Keene has presented the Actors' Fund (which, by the way, is getting to have quite an interesting picture gallery, with a capital portrait of himself. Keene is rehearsing his company daily. Members of the troupe tell me that his articulation is quite distinct. The effects of his stroke of paralysis have entirely disappeared.

Probably by next week Abbey and Schoeffel will have completed the purchase of a large plot of ground at Thirty-eighth street and Broadway, whereon they are to erect a combination theatre. Arrangements are impeded for the time being by a fractious owner of a lot that stands in the middle of the required land, who is holding out for a big price on the theory that he has the key to the situation. Abbey and his partner have had more or less disappointment in all their negotiations for a theatre. They failed to see their way to taking the Academy, and they were unable to get either the Star or Wallack's, on both of which they had set their eyes.

Rachel Booth, a clever actress, is to have a benefit. She needs one, and although *THE MIRROR* is opposed to these performances except in rare instances, I think this is a case where an exception can justly be made, considering all the circumstances.

Just before going to press I am told that Mr. Davidge's fiftieth anniversary on the stage will be celebrated at the Academy on Thursday, April 21. A meeting of city managers has been called by Mr. Palmer for Monday next at the Madison Square Theatre to complete the arrangements. The two Harrises, Edwards and Pitt, are making a big bill befitting the occasion.

Grace Hawthorne's manager cables *THE MIRROR* that her production of *Trove* on Thursday night last was a pronounced success.

I have received the following:

DUBOIS, Pa., March 31, 1887.
DEAR USHER:—In a sharing contract which reads "The party of the first part to receive seventy five per cent. of the gross receipts, and the party of the second part to receive twenty five per cent. of the gross receipts, said party of the second part guaranteeing that said first party's share shall be not less than \$300." I wish to ask, What would be the first party's share if the gross receipts were \$375?
MANAGER.

The party of the first part would receive \$300, and the party of the second part \$75.

The Mirror Memorial Monument Fund.

The Fund has received a very generous donation since our last issue from James Owen O'Connor, the young tragedian, who sent in a crisp one-hundred-dollar bill with the message: "For *MIRROR*'s Memorial Fund, or for what purpose *THE MIRROR* lists." We have applied Mr. O'Connor's handsome donation to the object in which the profession has manifested such widespread interest. It materially hastens the work to a conclusion, as now less than \$40 is needed to reach the entire amount necessary to pay for the monument.

Kate Forsyth and Flit Raymond are also new subscribers to the Fund.

Following are the names of the subscribers and the amount donated from Thursday, March 31, to Wednesday evening, April 6, 1887:

James Owen O'Connor	\$100.00
Kate Forsyth	10.00
Flit Raymond	1.00
Total	\$111.00
Previously acknowledged	4,350.00
Total amount subscribed to date	\$4,461.00

Jennie Kimball's Moves for Next Season.

Jennie Kimball will have two companies on the road next season. She has purchased Almee's great success, *Mamzelle*, and she finds Arcadia too much of a go to shelve for a long time. To a *MIRROR* reporter Miss Kimball gave a brief review of her season with the burlesque Arcadia and of the prospect for *Mamzelle*.

"As Tom-Tom in Arcadia Little Corinne has made the greatest hit of her life," said Miss Kimball; "and also, taking into consideration that it has been played but one season, it has been our greatest success financially. No previous season has excelled this either financially or in an artistic way. We are now playing week stands in leading cities of the West, and seats are seldom to be had an hour

after the doors open. I have decided to organize two companies for next season; but I am undecided with which to place Corinne. Her success in Arcadia is so marked that I am loth to take her away from it. On the other hand, I am sure that Almee's part in *Mamzelle* would fit her to perfection. But there is no need for hurry in making a choice; the matter can be held in abeyance for some time. In the meantime Arcadia is coining money and increasing in popularity. My two companies for next season will be known, respectively, as the Kimball Comic Opera and Burlesque company and the Kimball Mamzelle Comedy company."

In the Courts.

MORE OPERA SUITS.

The court calendars are fast becoming encumbered with suits in which the National Opera company is made the party defendant. One of the most important is that of Mme. Fursch-Madi. On Saturday she secured a point against the company by obtaining an attachment from Judge Hall, of the City Court, to cover \$1,200 in her suit. Deputy Sheriff Daniel Lifferty and a lawyer went up to the Metropolitan Opera House as Nero was being rendered. The two bought tickets, and passing around to the rear of the box office, served their papers, attaching all the money in the treasurer's hands. Afterward the scenery and properties of the opera Nero were attached. A cheque, certified to by Mrs. Thurber, settled matters for the time being, and Nero was allowed to be packed up and sent to Albany, where the company was next to appear. At the same time two smaller attachments, for \$150 each, were paid. These attachments were granted because the company is a non-resident corporation, having been organized under the laws of New Jersey.

Mme. Fursch-Madi alleges in her complaint in the suit upon which the attachment was granted that she was engaged last November to sing for the season at \$400 a night for opera and \$200 for concerts. After singing from Nov. 2 to Feb. 2 she was told that her services were no longer needed. She had received \$4,200 of the \$5,400 that was due her. Mme. Fursch-Madi has also other suits pending, growing out of her connection with the American and National Opera companies. One of these is a suit for \$6,000 against Mr. Locke for services during 1885, a contract having been broken. This contract was made personally with Mr. Locke. This suit will be tried in a short time.

On her part Madame says she is ready to sing, but that Mr. Locke does not desire her services—at least not casting her in the operas. The prima donna also alleges that the National Opera company, when engaging her for the season of 1887, guaranteed that she should receive \$20,000. In consequence of this, at the end of the season she will have another suit to bring for \$14,600, the amount due her on the guarantee.

THE AUTHOR WANTS HIS SHARE.

Henry S. Hewitt, author of *The Commercial Tourist's Guide*, which Agnes Herndon is playing at the Union Square Theatre, is not being paid for his effort with the alacrity that he feels entitled to, and has sought relief in the courts to hasten payments. The agreement, according to Mr. Hewitt, was that he was in the first place to receive \$1,000 for writing the piece—\$100 at the time of making the contract, \$125 on the delivery of manuscript, and \$10 for each time it was performed. Although the play has been given many times, the author claims to have received only \$675, and that a balance of \$325 is due him. He therefore brings suit in the City Court against Joseph A. Jessel, the husband of Agnes Herndon, to recover the sum.

Manager Bunnell's Speculative Eye.

"You have no idea what opportunities are offering themselves to me since my place in Buffalo was burned out a couple of weeks ago," said Manager George B. Bunnell to a *MIRROR* reporter recently. "I have had offers of from \$10,000 to \$50,000 to go into amusement enterprises with men who don't want me to put a cent into the speculations, only to give them my attention and my name."

"I have my eye now on something, not far from *THE MIRROR* office in New York, that will be as big, if not bigger, than any enterprise in amusements that the city has ever known. It will include all sorts of amusements on the biggest stage ever built in the Metropolis. I have had the idea ever since I gave up my place at Ninth street and Broadway, and in a few weeks matters will be settled one way or the other. In the meantime I am contemplating the erection of another theatre to take the place of the old one in Buffalo, and have taken Carl's Opera House in New Haven, as you doubtless know."

The Hitches at the Madison Square.

Simultaneous with Agnes Booth's sudden illness, which necessitated the closing of the Madison Square Theatre, W. J. Lemoine was notified by Manager A. M. Palmer that his services were no longer required. Alexander Salvini, Mr. Lemoine's understudy, was playing at the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Presbury, the stage manager, was making up for the part of Baron Hertfeld, when word was received that no performance would be given on account of the illness of both Mrs. Booth and her understudy.

For the purpose of learning the reason of Mr. Lemoine's dismissal, a *MIRROR* reporter called upon that gentleman, who said:

"I had become tired of being at the Madison Square Theatre, for the simple reason that with authors' matinees and other things, the company was becoming very much demoralized. Matters were unpleasant in many ways—not the least of which was that you never knew how you stood. It was with a natural desire to better my condition that I called upon Mr. Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, under whom, by the way, I had originally served at the Madison Square, and having assured him that I would not remain at the Madison Square next season, was engaged by him for the coming season at the Lyceum Theatre. Besides, I considered that I had a perfectly legitimate right to engage elsewhere, and I did so. This is about the season of the year that people usually engage for the coming season,

and I saw no reason why I should make any exception."

"It was about a week ago that I engaged with Mr. Frohman. I told him that he could paragraph the fact of my engagement if he saw fit, and that that would give Mr. Palmer four weeks' notice, the season not ending until May 1. If he had not noticed it I should have given the regular two weeks. And if he had desired it I should have played through the Summer with the company. On going to the theatre on Monday night I received a note informing me that my services were dispensed with from date. I then ascertained that Mr. Presbury, the stage manager, was dressing for my part. I sent a note up to Mr. Palmer telling him that I was engaged for the season, and that I was dressing and preparing for my duty. He sent back a note that I was no longer in his employ, and requesting me to leave the theatre without making any trouble. I did so, and have placed the matter in the hands of my attorneys, with instructions to begin a suit for four weeks' salary."

Manager Frohman was somewhat averse to speaking on the subject, but stated that he had no thought whatever of interfering with Manager Palmer when he made the engagement. It was on Mr. Lemoine's express declaration that he would not remain the coming season at the Madison Square that he closed with him.

Mr. Palmer refused to go into details. "As it now seems probable that the affair will go into the courts," he said, smilingly, "I would rather it should be tried there than in the columns of the papers."

The Actors' Fund.

Four applications for relief were favorably considered last week. There are now twenty-nine applicants receiving relief. There are five applications on file.

There was expended last week \$424, which included the month's rent, etc.

New members and annual dues paid in: George W. June, Clara Rainford, Frank Bell, James Donaldson, Jr., Edwin A. Bull, Walter Clements, David A. Keyes, Furman C. Wells, Thomas W. Fitzgerald, Ray Briscoe, Edward Page, Jacob Klein, Ira H. Moore (two years), Helen Marco, Collin Varrey, Palma Schroeder, Edmund Rhind, W. H. Whedon, William Bell, Robert Recker, Charles Van Ghele, Charles Phillips, Charles T. Vincent, Mrs. Nelson Kneass, Lawrence O'Reilly.

Gossip of the Town.



Heading this column is a portrait of John Dillon, the well known comedian. Mr. Dillon has been a reigning favorite in the West for many years. He is now playing his fifth season as star of Walters' Comedy company, and his latest success has been in the title role of a rattling comedy called *The Lightning Agent*. Years ago Mr. Dillon was not unknown in the East. He was a member of Laura Keane's company in '62; shared in the fiasco of Oakley Hall's *Crucible*, at the Park Theatre; appeared in Sims' *Mother in Law* at the same theatre, and bade good-bye to New York in Separation at the Grand Opera House. John Dillon's name is a household word in the West. The organization he travels with does not belong to the mushroom variety so thickly scattered through that region. It has a well-established reputation, and plays the seasons with the regularity of their coming.

Ruddygore doesn't seem to be "catching on" all 'round, but to be "catching it" all 'round.

Blanche Seymour, soprano and soubrette with the Kindergarten company, is at liberty.

Howard Kyle is specially engaged for leading juvenile and comedy roles during Fred Waide's Western trip.

Fur is flying in the West over the Interstate law, and storage houses are reported to be filling up with trunks, etc.

Edmund Bentley leaves the Sallie Hinton company on Saturday to join Frederick Warde, who goes to San Francisco shortly.

The patent papers for the great fire house scene in *The Still Alarm*, to be produced at Niblo's Garden next month, have arrived from Washington.

Leon and Cushman are resting the present week. They resume their season in *E. E. Kidder's On the Stage* at Paterson, N. J., next Tuesday night.

The preliminary sale for the Patti season of Italian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, six performances only, has been something wonderful.

J. B. Studley and T. H. Winnett sail for Europe next month. Mr. Studley is under contract to Mr. Winnett to appear in John A. Stevens' *Great Wrong* next season.

The benefit to be tendered to Mrs. Yeamans, of Harrigan's Park Theatre company, has been arranged for Thursday afternoon, April 21. It will take place at Harrigan's Park Theatre.

Robert Fraser has been ill for the past two weeks, but is now convalescent. He has arranged to take a company to produce the *Ravels'* pantomimes through Mexico next season.

There is a rumor that Joseph Haworth and Sydney Armstrong, both of the Hoodman Blind company, are shortly to be married. When seen at the Coleman House, Mr. Haworth said: "I have the highest opinion of Miss Armstrong whom I consider a most estimable lady and the coming emotional actress of America; but I am too modest to ask her to marry me. That is all I have to say."

Fred J. Eustis sailed for London Tuesday on the *Alaska*. He will represent Weber's picture at the American Exposition.

Robert Daly, of the Daly Brothers, who is in Asheville, N. C., for his health, is rapidly recovering and will be all right for next season.

Steve Corey, of Lizzie Evans' company, has been tendered the position of leading comedian at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O., for the Summer.

Maze Edwards has opened an office as general amusement manager and agent at 41 Union Square. His extensive acquaintance fits him for this comparatively new field of labor.

William Black, business manager of the *Passion's Slave* company, was in town for a few days this week. He reports good business all season, except in a few recent one-night stands.

Despite the large increase in fares to San Francisco, Al Hayman is determined to take out the full quota of people that he has engaged for his Summer season, despite reports to the contrary.

J. W. McKinney returned from Kansas City on Monday. He takes charge of Rose Coghlan's supplementary season. He was telegraphed for by Miss Coghlan's manager, and is now in Albany preparing for the opening.

James Owen O'Connor was Robert Downing's guest one night last week at Niblo's. This tragedian, by the way, has sued the *Greenville (S. C.) Daily News* for libel, damages being fixed at \$10,000.

A private cablegram announces that Held by the Enemy was received with enthusiasm at the Princess' Theatre, London, on April 8. Mr. Gillette was called at the close of the performance and received with cheers.

Efforts are being made for the securing of a strong list of artists for a benefit to be tendered to Rachel Booth, the well known soubrette, and to be given at the Union Square Theatre on the afternoon of Thursday, April 14.

The eighth anniversary of the opening of the Park Theatre Boston, will be celebrated on next Thursday evening, April 14, with Fanny Davenport as the attraction. Manager Schoeffel has designed a handsome souvenir.

At the conclusion of his season with W. J. Florence's company last Saturday, Alf Hayman, the advance agent, was presented by the comedian with a cheque, in recognition of his unflinching attention to business during the tour.

Under instructions from the owner, Charles W. Durant, Jr., Joseph Arthur tendered the opera of *Big Pony* at the performance yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon for the benefit of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund, free of royalty.

W. H. Power and Fred Berger, of the Michigan circuit, and Jacob Tannenbaum, of the Southern circuit, have rented desk room at H. S. Taylor's, No. 25 East Fourteenth street. Mr. Taylor has added the Opera House at Cairo, Ill., to the list of theatres which he represents.

T. W. Keene's support will include Constance Hamblin, Agnes Arden, Marie Davis, P. C. Hagar, Eugene Moore, Adolph Jackson, Charles Kent, Frank Little, Henry Hanscombe, W. T. Hudson and E. F. Lawrence. W. F. Smythe goes in advance.

On last Wednesday Harry Miner bought the steam yacht *Revia*, formerly the property of the Clarks, the spool-cotton manufacturers, of Newark, paying therefor the sum of \$7,500. It is lavishly fitted up, has first class accommodation for twenty-five people, and is equipped with a pair of bowizers.

Rose Coghlan's supplementary Spring season opens in Albany next Monday night. She will be supported by Osmond Tearle, Charles Walcott, A. S. Lipman, John G. McDonald and other strong people. The company appears at Mrs. Rosa Leland's benefit on April 13. Mrs. Leland will be in the cast.

All the arrangements at the Casino have been completed for the unusually gay celebration of the 30th performance of *Erminie*, which takes place next Tuesday night. *Erminie's* run is longer by 150 nights than that of any of the previous successes of the Casino, and so uniform a good is the business of the house that Rudolph Aronson has arranged to give the popular operetta unlimited time.

The strongest list of attractions ever seen at the Casino for the regular indoor concert appears there on Easter Sunday night, the following artists of Henry E. Aubrey's Italian Opera Company having been engaged: Mme. Sofia Scalchi, prima donna contralto; Mile Valera, Mme. Novara and Signors Galassi, Galle Abramoff, Corsi, Migliara and Novara. The Casino orchestra, increased to fifty musicians and led by Signor Luigi Arditi, will also assist.

The Strobbridge Lithograph Co., of Cincinnati, are at work on some very handsome colored pictorial printing for Augusta Van Duren's tour in the society comedy, *Charlotte Ruse*. Miss Van Duren's St. Bernard dog, "Pope," drew a gold lined silver cap at the R. I. Kennel Club bench show. The cap, which is ten and a half inches in height, is inscribed: "To the Handsomest, Largest and Most Attractive."

The Compound Menthol Powder is coming into widespread use in the profession. It is a white powder, used as a snuff, and its effects are wonderful in instantly relieving headache, cold in the head, sore throat and hoarseness. Scores of leading professionals have freely written endorsements of this very pleasant remedy. It is put up in small obials, and can be carried in the pocket or satchel. The proprietors have gathered quite an autograph album of distinguished names.

At the conclusion of the run of *Ruddygore* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre D'Oyly Carte's Opera company, with the exception of some members, among whom are Geraldine Ulmer and George Thorne, will leave for England and go on tour in the provinces, a route being at present arranged. There are already two companies on the road in England, and both are reported to be doing very well. The company from this city will most probably go to Germany in July, as arrangements are being made to that end.

The new nursery spectacle, *Snowflake*, by Howard P. Taylor, to be brought out at Niblo's at the beginning of next season, is said to contain effects entirely new to the American stage. There is one scene where the large stage will be filled with moving animals from the elephant to the frog all dancing to the variegated calceums to the music of an orchestra. In another scene the stage is converted into a bower of gold, with figures animals, birds, trees, etc., and a moving mass of animated gold.

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co. from the road at the close of the engagement at

Janish, in Princess Andrea, March st, Camille sq; only

Royal Opera House (C. A. Shaw, manager): The Streets of New York, headed by George C. Boniface, first three nights. Rest of week, Michael Strouff. Business fairly satisfactory. This week, Plaster's Wife.

Princess' Theatre: This is a new theatre on the old site, and is a very handsome edifice both inside and out. It was opened on Boxing night by the Royal Opera Co., under the management of William Garter and Musgrave, who own the theatre. The first performance in

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, March 24.

Brown Pottery is for the time being the fashionable cult in London society—or, at all events, in the exclusive section thereof which is known as "the Prince's set." Where the Prince leads the rest will follow—a providential dispensation for which English mummies of all shapes, sizes and sexes should be never-endingly grateful, since but for the fact that H. R. H. has made theatre-going fashionable many a high-toned barnstormer who now sips off champagne and cutlets might never have soared beyond four-ale and faggots—dainties which are the Cockney equivalents of forty-rod whisky and hash or pie. Yes, dearly as we English love a lord, we love a prince still more. I fancy it is something to do with the climate. Even Americans catch the infection sometimes when visiting here, especially the new rich sort. But this by the way. Our Prince is a jolly good fellow, and deserves well of his countrymen—but especially, as I have already said, of the theatrical profession, in which he has always taken and still takes very great interest; of which more anon.

Apocryphal of Brown Pottery, considerable amusement has been excited in theatrical circles here by the highfalutin despatches recently cabled over to the *New York Herald*. Some inclined to the belief that the enterprising reporter evolved his facts from what he is doubtless pleased to term his "imagination." Others think that Mrs. P.—who is evidently so slouch as a press manager—presumed upon his ignorance of things theatrical and filled him up with light and airy fancies for her own amusement. Of course we are all glad to know that Mrs. Potter is going to elevate the stage, and, anyway, it is kind of her to shed the light of her condescension on her "brother and sister artists" of America. Also everybody must be refreshed to learn that the Princess informed the Elevator which is to be that her going on the stage would make no difference whatever to their private friendship. This is, I believe, absolutely true—though not perhaps in the exact sense intended by the sender of the message. But the news that the Bancrofts have offered Mrs. Potter enormous terms to appear at the Haymarket in July; and furthermore that Bancroft himself is writing her "an entirely new play" to be then and there presented, makes one realize more strongly than ever how necessary it is to go abroad to get news of home. What was to become of the Haymarket lessees, Russell and Bashford, while all this was going on, the *Herald* man does not seem to have thought it worth his while too curiously to inquire. Perhaps he thought, with Mr. Gilbert's Mad Margaret, that after all it really doesn't matter, matter, matter.

That Mrs. Potter will appear in *Man and Wife* at the Haymarket, under the management of Russell and Bashford, is, however, all signed, sealed and settled. Vigorous rehearsals have for some time been going on, and this week the theatre has been closed, partly in order that these may take place by night as well as by day, partly because the lessees were doing so badly with *Hard Hit* that it was cheaper to shut up than to keep open. According to present arrangements, *Man and Wife* will be revived at the Haymarket next Tuesday evening.

Chatting on things in general with the Haymarket lessees the other evening, I was mysteriously informed by them that "much interest has been manifested in high places" over their preparations for the revival of *Wilkie Collins* play. The phrase "high places" used in this connection must of course not be taken as having anything to do with the worship of Baal—not to say Belial. Being translated it really means that before H. R. H. went off to Berlin last Saturday he was good enough to superintend rehearsals from a private box—which, as old Peppys might have put it, must have been "petty to see."

Royalty has also honored show-folk of another order. The French Hippodrome at Olympia, having run the other circuses off their legs, is still in full blast, and, all things considered, is doing fairly well—by which statement, however, I by no means wish to imply that the promoters are making any profit. The Hippodrome's daily expenses are so enormous that nothing short of continuous three-quarter houses would return anything like a substantial balance on the right side. These of course are not to be expected in a building which holds nine thousand people and which is run on a basis of two shows per day. Happily it has now got another send-off. On Sunday morning her Majesty the Queen shed the light of her gracious countenance upon the undertaking by "commanding" a private show for self and suite. The Queen seems to have had quite a high old time. She declared that she enjoyed the show very much, and when the horse-riding had been used up she went round to the stables, where she fed an elephant, fondled some lion-cubs, and accepted a bouquet from the hands of one of the lady riders.

Reports of the interesting function differ according to the political stripe of the newspaper in which they appear. The Radical press are unanimous in stating that the Queen was wheeled around in a bath chair and that she was cheered by a small crowd. The Conservative papers with one accord declare that

her Majesty walked firmly, with the aid of a stick, and she was cheered by a large crowd. And this is how history is written.

For some inscrutable reason which has not yet been made public, a burlesque of Ruddy-gore was put on at Toole's Theatre on Saturday afternoon. As the modest and self-effacing manager did not play in it, the production is still more surprising. The culprits are Messrs. G. F. Taylor and Percy Reeve, and they have called their perpetration Ruddy George; or, Robin Redbreast. Taylor has essayed to parody Gilbert and Reeve has tried his hand on Sullivan. The music to a certain extent humorously hits off Sir Arthur's style, but the librettist has hit off nothing in particular, and has made matters worse by omitting all mention of the only two features in the original that really lent themselves to parody—to wit, the character of Mad Margaret and the Serious Duet, with its accompanying blameless dances.

Ruddy George is in two scenes, which are supposed to represent the two acts of the Savoy opera. The beginning is the best, but there is no middle to speak of, and the end is decidedly the most welcome. The second scene represents the Chamber of Horrors in Rouge Gorge Castle, the ancestral portraits of the original being replaced by counterfeit presentations of Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte. But this did not go for much, anyhow. It should be mentioned in Mr. Toole's favor that he has not yet attempted to put Ruddy George into the evening bill, or to play in it, as some have advised him.

Another addition to the ranks of actor-managers is threatened. H. Beerbohm Tree has "assumed the direction" of the Comedy Theatre, which, according to some, has been sub let to him for this purpose by Miss Violet Melnotte, who hath had "differences" with Paulton and Jakobowski, whereby these collaborators' new comic opera, *Myneer Jan*, will have to find a fresh home, Miss Melnotte having relinquished her claim to any rights therein. Tree himself informs me that he has not taken a lease of the Comedy Theatre, as some have said, but he admits the soft impeachment that he will "assume the direction" thereof. "Assume," in this connection, is distinctly precious. Tree will not commence operations until Easter.

Meanwhile a farcical comedy called *The Mormon*, which, as I told you in a recent letter, was tried for the first time on some Vandeville matineers, the other day, is to be put on at the Comedy, on Monday evening, by its author, Mr. Calhorne. Herein C. Glenney will play his original character and Paulton will appear as the eccentric Scotchman. The bill will also include a new piece by G. Haddon Chambers, entitled *The Open Gate*.

Tree's Easter offering will be a new modern drama called *The Red Lamp*, the work of an author who prefers for the time being to hide his Red Lamp light under a bushel of anonymity. The scene of the play is laid in St. Petersburg, and some thrilling effects are promised. One peculiarity of this piece is that every member of the company is to have a "strong" part. This might have been looked upon as a *quis pro non* so far as the actor-manager was concerned. It is, I believe, not unusual in the profession for the boss of the show to be well looked after in this way. But it so happens that Marion Terry, Lady Monckton, Brookfield, Sargent and Robert Pateman—all of whom have been engaged by Tree—have each and every one of them accepted the engagement solely on condition that an exceptionally strong part is forthcoming for her or him, as the case may be. Tree has also accepted a new comedy-drama by Robert Buchanan. The present name of this piece is *Partners*, but as that title has already been used, and the same has been signified to Tree and Co., other arrangements will doubtless be made in the fulness of time.

It is also rumored that Tree will by and by produce an adaptation of *Don Quixote* which is being prepared for him by C. Carr. This rumor may or may not grow out of the fact that Nature having endowed Mr. Tree with a somewhat solemn visage it is thought fitting to associate his name with any undertaking which concerns the Knight of the Rueful Countenance—or it may be that in his desire to escape observation he rumored it himself. Not that it matters much either way.

Perhaps this will be the most fitting place to mention that one of the very latest rumors with regard to Wilson Birrell is that when W. B. next appears in London it will be at the Comedy Theatre.

The *Era* has once more been taking the name of Clement Scott in vain. Videlicet, namely, that is to say, by publishing a statement that Scott is "trying to arrange with Grace Hawthorne to adapt for her a well-known French play, but that a difficulty has arisen in consequence of Scott's terms being unusually high." Scott has published an indignant disclaimer, setting forth that this statement is "absolutely, unequivocally and inexcusably false." Miss Hawthorne has declared that there is no foundation whatever for the *Era's* par., seeing that Mr. Scott has never

even mentioned such a matter to her, nor she to him. Finally the venerable Samuel French (who business-manages for Scott) has said ditto to that gentleman and to Miss Hawthorne in very emphatic fashion. So that, all things considered, the *Era* is by this time rather sorry it spoke.

Grace Hawthorne and company have been playing *Heartase* at the Brighton Theatre this week. To-morrow night they will produce there a new one-act comedietta by R. Davey, (well known to the *Spirit of the Times*, I think) entitled *Lesbia*.—A new play by Sydney Grundy is to follow *The Snowball* at the Globe.—*Madame Favart* is, it is said, to be revived at the Avenue ere long.—Rider Haggard's novel, "Dawn," is being dramatized by C. Haddon Chambers and J. Stanley Little, and the result will, it is said, shortly be produced at a West End theatre.—Mr. Irving is going to play the same part in *Lord Byron's* *Werner*, on June 1, at the Lyceum, in aid of the fund which is being raised for Dr. Westland Marston.—Mapleson's cheap opera season at Covent Garden has caught on surprisingly. Full houses have been the rule.

The latest news I have to hand, however, is that this (Thursday) afternoon there was produced before a vast crowd of Gaiety matineers—many of high degree—a new comedy by H. M. Paull, entitled *The Great Felicidad*. This proves to be a play dealing with fraudulent mining speculations, sandwiched with a strong love-interest of a more or less illicit kind. The heroine (magnificently played by Amy Roselle) has married one villainous mining speculator (played by F. H. Macklin) and was pursued by another villainous mining speculator (finely acted by Brandon Thomas), while all the while she still loves her former flame, a stock-broker (very badly represented by Arthur Dacre), who had married a girl who was madly mad on Villainous Speculator No. 1. The morals all the way round were a bit risky, but the play abounded in interest and had some most powerful scenes. For all that it will need a lot of revising before there is likely to be any money in it. GAWAIN.

Murder.

A rose was given in careless mood
With petals folded, blood red,
"Velvet and sweet with perfume,
And I laid it against my heart and said,
"You shall never bloom."
And I tied it fast with a silken snood
Till the bud was bound.
Till the bud was bound,
And I laid it against my heart and said,
"What harm! It will soon be dead."

There on my heart
All the golden day
The red bud lay.
And the petals struggled and fought to be free
Till they burst the silken cord apart,
And there—on my heart—
Bruised and bleeding, the blown rose lay
Bruised and bleeding, but free!
Free! for one day!

Then I said,
"It is dead,"
And threw it away.
But over my heart,
Just over my heart,
Where the bruised rose lay,
And its petals bled,
I wear to this day,
Tho' I and the rose are dead,
I wear, to this day,
A stain, blood red,
Tho' I and the rose are dead. E. V. S.

The Herndon-Hewitt Wrangle.

As detailed in "In the Courts" in another column, H. S. Hewitt has brought suit against Joseph A. Jessel, husband and manager of Agnes Herndon, for \$325, which he claims to be a balance due him for writing *A Commercial Tourist's Bride*. In speaking of his trouble with Miss Herndon, Mr. Hewitt said:

"I rewrote the first act of the comedy entirely, but before I had delivered it to Mr. Jessel he began paraphrasing *A Remarkable Woman*. When I saw him about it he gave me his word of honor that it shouldn't be put on. I then delivered the manuscript of the new act, and asked him when he was going to rehearse it. He put me off with evasive replies, and finally told me that they would not use it—that Miss Herndon objected to having the drummer written up any more; that he had been written up enough already, and that she would not rehearse it. I was thus put in the position of writing the entire act for nothing, and feeling that my contract had been violated in more than one way I brought suit for the balance due me."

Miss Herndon's story, as might be expected, was found to be somewhat different. "In the first place," said the lady, "the title, the plot and the situations of *A Commercial Tourist's Bride* are all Mr. Jessel's, and this can be proved. All that Mr. Hewitt really did was to help write some of the dialogue, and most of what he did we could not use. Mr. Jessel really wrote most of the play, and gave it to Mr. Hewitt to put in shape. Mr. Jessel had the plot for years before we ever heard of Mr. Hewitt, and this fact can be corroborated, as the story was submitted to other people before Mr. Hewitt assisted in putting it in shape. Everything that has proved a 'go' in the play Mr. Jessel wrote himself."

"Regarding the new first act that Mr. Hewitt speaks of as being refused, I have to say that I never heard it read, but that the company, who did hear it, told me it was simply a lot of trash; that it was full of talk; that all the fun and situations had been taken out, and that it didn't begin to compare with the act we're playing now."

Dan Sully's Trip to the Coast.

"We start on our long Western trip in about two weeks from now," said Manager W. O. Wheeler, of Dan Sully's company, to a *MIRROR* reporter a day or two ago. "After a week at the Bijou in Pittsburgh, we go direct to Chicago for a fortnight. We then play Kansas City and a pick of one-night stands in the surrounding territory—such as Omaha, St. Joseph,

Lincoln, etc.—and then go to Salt Lake, Sacramento and Los Angeles. This brings us to the 13th of June, when we open at the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco. At the close of this engagement we take an ocean voyage to Victoria, B. C., and play three weeks in the Puget Sound country and Washington Territory. After a week in Portland with Manager J. P. Howe we start eastward over the Northern Pacific road, and the last week in August finds us at the Princess Theatre, Winnipeg. Daddy Nolan will be played almost exclusively on the trip, the exceptions being places in which *The Corner Grocery* has not been seen or where a change of bill is desirable. No changes are contemplated in the present company; we expect to keep it intact. We will have just fifteen fares to pay.

"I have already booked and contracted for a large slice of next season for Mr. Sully's company, and have recently ordered an extensive lot of new printing. Next season the company will be billed on a larger scale and in a more attractive manner than ever before."

Amateur Notes.

Miss Omagh Armstrong, one of Nashville's brightest and most talented young vocalists, was given a benefit concert Thursday evening, March 31, at the Masonic Theatre in that city. The audience was large, enthusiastic and cultivated, and the affair was in every way a success. Miss Armstrong is possessed of a good stage presence and a pure, clear soprano voice. Among those who contributed largely to the evening's entertainment were Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Stewart, Miss Geary, Prof. Green, H. Anderson, Becky Levy, Prof. R. L. Lord, John Bordenier, Marie Bankhead, Cora Cox, Alice S. Duncan and Mrs. Graham Crutcher.

At the Grand there was a good-sized house Thursday night, March 31, to witness the second presentation in Nashville of *Annie Lewis* new play, *The Knights of Labor*. Jean and Novella Houston assumed the leading parts and sustained them with great credit to themselves. They each displayed an aptness and talent that must—and their friends confidently predict will—win them success on the stage. Miss Novella has about decided to follow her brother's example and also go on the stage. She is a pretty little body, a good elocutionist and in her stage movements is quite graceful. Excellent support was given them by James Doyle, Robert Hiller, Louis Davis, Allen Fox, William Burns, John Doyle and Ella Joyce.

The Fabian Literary Union will present *Lead Me Five Shillings* at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Tuesday evening, April 14.

The next Amaranth performance occurs on Wednesday evening, April 13, at the Brooklyn Academy.

The Kemble will tender itself a benefit in lieu of its regular monthly performance. The date is April 18, and the pieces are *The Follies of a Night* and *Two Can Play at That Game*. Rather ominous titles!

Professional Doings.

—Katie Putnam closes season in Sioux City, Ia., on April 6.

—Roland Reed has "caught on" with the *Frisco* in Hamburg.

—Jeffrey Lewis has dispensed with her leading man, Harry Marshall.

—Laura Delany has resumed dramatic work in Western museum theatres.

—The Cincinnati Elks will benefit May 1 at the Grand Opera House in that city.

—Bartholomew's *Equipe Paradox* is to take to the road again, going to the City of Mexico.

—A first-class comic opera company is wanted for U'rig's Cave, St. Louis, for the Summer.

—Kittie Rhodes is playing a protracted and successful season under the management of W. K. Ward.

—George Heuck, son of Manager Hubert Heuck of Cincinnati, is erecting a large concert-hall at Birmingham, Ala.

It is announced that two Tramps will rest during Holy week. But 'tis simply the name of a play and company.

—The week of April 25 is open at the Pittsburgh Opera House, and the weeks of April 18 and 25 at the Park Theatre, Cleveland.

—There is open time at the Masonic Temple Theatre, Louisville, in April and May. Only the best attractions will be negotiated with.

—Members of James Owen O'Connor's late company are still stranded in Greenville, S. C. They were to assist at a recent local entertainment.

—Rosina Vokes and her company are resting in St. Louis this week. They open there next Monday night, and thence go to Chicago for four weeks.

—Last Thursday in Philadelphia Mrs. Charles N. Drew, wife of the comedian of the Carleton Opera company, brought an addition to the family.

—George H. Fitchet will have the management of the new specialty company, headed by the *Jeromes* and *Sheffer* and *Blakely*, all at present with the *Marinelli* Novelty company.

—Fred G. Berger is prepared to book attractions for Powers' Grand Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., of which he is now lessee.

—Emrich's Opera House at Peru, Ind., has changed hands. Messrs. A. J. Parks and Pily McCrume having leased it for a term of years.

—The Western press credits Walter Owen with excellent work as leading man with Lillian Lewis. His range is Claude Melnotte, Armand Duval, George Duhamel, Radolph, etc. Mr. Owen is at liberty for next season.

—Secley Brown, who is at his home at Youngstown, O., is getting up a Summer stock company to play twice or thrice a week in that city after June 1. He may be addressed at Youngstown.

—R. Fulton Russell, of Oliver Byron's company, came near falling a victim to turned-on gas in his bedroom at a Chicago hotel on Sunday night.

—George Broderick, faintest of the first-night of Ruddygore in Boston. His understudy failed to please, and George Frothingham, who was suddenly called upon, played the part in his street clothes.

—The New Grand Opera House at Asbury Park, N. J., will be dedicated by Joseph Jefferson on April 25. The house seats 1,700. H. S. Taylor is the New York agent.

—M. A. Mosely has retired from the management of the new Academy of Music at Danville, Va. He goes on the road with a company. J. M. Neal now transacts all business at the Academy.

—Four of the pupils of the New York School of Acting recently assisted at a performance in aid of the G. A. R. at Easton, Pa. The play was *Allah Too*, and the young students were accorded much praise by the local press.

—W. J. Chappelle is engaged for the fifth season as business manager of the Dallys and Lizzie Derivons. Mr. Chappelle has disposed of his Great Bend (Pa.) and Rutland (Vt.) property and bought a home in Boston, where he will hereafter reside.

—Manager P. Harris' Summer season of comic opera at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, opens with one of McCaull's Opera companies in a repertoire consisting of *Ruddygore*, *Reggar Student* and *Black Hussar*. The company will be picked from the best of McCaull's forces.

—The Portsmouth (O.) Opera House, an entirely new structure, with modern appointments, is ready for bookings. It has a seating capacity of 1,500 and is well supplied with scenery. A good attraction is wanted for the opening week, on or about May 1. The population of Portsmouth is 10,000.

—The other day in Phoenix, Arizona, whether he had gone in the hope of restoring his health, Clarice M. Ostrander died of consumption. He was the husband of May Wentworth, well-known in the profession, and a journalist of enterprise and ability. Mr. Ostrander was for a short time on the operatic stage.

—The administrators of the estate of the late Milton Toole, of St. Joseph, Mo., have put on the market the Opera House bearing his name. J. W. McKinney, R. S. Douglas, L. M. Crawford, J. P. King and George Crowthers are among numerous bidders. St. Joseph is one of the best one or two night stands in the West.

"Upon whose shoulders did the mantle of Perrett fall?" cried the enthusiastic young actor. "It did not fall upon the shoulders of McCollough? And wasn't it afterward scrambled for by—and—and—?" "No, no, young man," murmured the veteran of thirty-five seasons, sadly; "Perrett's mantle didn't fall upon anybody's shoulders. The old man took it up with him."

—According to a despatch from Tux Mison's correspondent at Peru, Ind., C. M. Emrich, manager of the Opera House bearing his name, was brutally killed on the public square in that city by a deputy marshal, named S. Millon. Emrich was a powerful fellow, a knockout boxer, and he was killed on the side of the head, knocking him down. The assailant then kicked his victim until his neck was dislocated and he expired.

—A rumor is abroad that there is to be still another new theatre in Kansas City, Mo. It is said that the structure will cost \$100,000 and that it will be a new million-dollar hotel and new building. The site is in the hands of leading and wealthy people. Although the company is not yet incorporated, the scheme is well under way, and the house is expected to be ready for the opening of next season.

—The Dallys go under the management of Rich and Harris, of Boston, next season. A car full of selected comedy and singing company will be engaged in support. They will appear in a new play, *The Dallys*, named by Thomas A. Dally and John J. McNally. A selected company of professionals recently heard the play read at the Parker House, Boston, and all predicted that it would be a great go. Messrs. Rich and Harris are confident that it will be a greater success than *Vocation*.

—Murray and Murphy do not wince from J. M. Hill's management at the close of this season. Their contract with Mr. Hill does not terminate until the end of next season, and he has made a proposition looking to a renewal. Mr. Sweney, business manager of the Irish Visitors company, says the comedians are well pleased with Mr. Hill's management, and will so doubt renew their contract. They have been approached by other managers with tempting offers, but have turned a deaf ear.

—Max Fehrmann, who was for four years leader of the Tremont Opera House orchestra, in Galveston, in the old stock days, and for the past seven years has been musical director and actor for Wilton, in the new building, the Summer season at the Dayton Soldiers' Home, is tired of travelling and desires a permanent position as leader. He is thoroughly capable of composing, arranging and directing any kind of orchestra, and has long continuance in one place on each of his several engagements is the best of recommendations.

—"The present season of Our Irish Visitors," said Mark Murphy of Murray and Murphy, the other day, "will be the best we have ever had. We have made more money than in our last two seasons put together. We end the season, which will then have lasted about forty weeks, with our engagement at the Union Square Theatre on May 16, where we put the play on for a run of four weeks or longer. We will add a number of new features, such as quartette singing and new vocal songs. In June or July Mr. Murray and myself go to Ireland on a pleasure trip. We are reading a new play by Charles Vernet, besides several other pieces, and if we can get something good, we are going to try it next season, which, by the way, opens at the Boston Theatre August 26."

—The Whitney Grand Opera House, the new cheap theatre in Detroit, will be ready for the opening of next season. The new edifice will be on Griswold street, between Michigan avenue and State street, at the intersection of seven principal thoroughfares. The house will seat 2,000, and the prices range from ten to seventy-five cents. Already many bookings have been made for the new theatre, which will be under the management of C. E. Blanchett. Manager Whitney says he is overran with applications from Michigan managers who want the attractions that play on his circuit.

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